

the French and Italian prisoners swept the steets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c. till we saw

Nights red with ruin—lightning in the morn.

They did not all escape the evil; but I have seen some of them, when duty led them near the prison where their friends were confined, climb up to the chimney top of the infected house, and, being

Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,
Wave to their friends in openness of joy.

[*To be continued.*]

MODERN ROME.

AMIDST all the beauty, majesty, and fertility of nature, the Patrimonium Petri is perhaps the most uncultivated country in the world; in spite of every favourable circumstance and a delightful climate, no people are so wretched as the modern Romans, and no soldiers so unsoldier-like as the papal troops. They live only to encourage indolence, to promote beggary, and to check every useful branch of industry which promotes public prosperity and private happiness.

The Jews, in the great capital of Christianity, are treated with more cruelty and intolerance than any where else. They are banished to an unhealthy part of the city, in which they are locked up during the night, and as a mark of humiliating distinction, are compelled to wear a yellow band round their hats. They were despised by the ancient Romans for their superstition; and in Rome, where they first established themselves, and afterwards extended to the north, they are still allowed to exist under all kinds of oppression and ill-treatment, on account of their usury, because they are found necessary to the state, and to trade. It is somewhat singular, that though Jews are permitted publicly to profess their religion, yet similar toleration is not extended to Protestant Christians.

Notwithstanding the enormous wealth of all the Pope's relations, the utmost misery prevails among the common people, and but few of these children of fortune condescend to share their affluence with the needy, as Christ and St. Peter taught. But the Cloisters practise the precepts of a humane religion, and are the protectors of the poor clients of modern Rome.

The ancient superstitions are resolved into the modern. Triumphal pageants are changed to processions, and the temples of the heathen gods and heroes are transformed into churches sacred to religious heroes, apostles, and martyrs. The pomp and ceremony of the Catholic Church are almost necessary to the people of the South, who only feel through the medium of their eyes, and who are never devout but when surrounded by glare and magnificence. Add to this the perfection which music has attained in modern Italy; for if music has the power of taming wild beasts, it may surely tame savages of the human species. To an uncivilized and vicious people, such as the modern Italians in general appear to be, superstition is a kind of bridle to check envy and revenge. The ecclesiastical pomp also, and the modest, engaging *Madonna*, that *Mother of Love*,* that mediatrix with the Deity, soften the rude character of the people, and restrain them from gross indulgences.

There is no characteristic popular impulse as in the capitals of other great nations, such as London, Paris, Madrid, Naples, and which prevailed in so great a degree in ancient Rome; but greatness of mind is still perceptible in the character of the Roman people. Their attachment to politics is as strong as when the fate of all the rest of the world was decided in Rome, and the placards so repeatedly posted on Pasquin and Marforio

* "*Madre d'Amore*," is the chorus of one of the national songs.

prove that the taste for satire has not diminished. But the lofty spirit of the ancient Romans has degenerated into meanness, their haughtiness into servility, and their courage into secret, cowardly assassination, particularly among the common people. Even the bandit habits and revengeful spirit of the Italians are so far productive of good, that they prevent harsh and tyrannical masters from ill-treating their dependents.

The spirit of military idleness, which the laws of Romulus rendered sacred, is still maintained in its fullest extent, though under another form; and the diversions of the people continue to be necessities for which the state must provide—*Bread and Sports* is still the watch-word of the Romans. From the game called *Mora*, and the exercise of quoits and football (which were favourite diversions among the ancient Romans,) to horse-racing, and wading through the inundated Piazza-Navona in the dog-days; from the festivities of the vintage to the Saturnalian Carnival; from the fireworks of the Castle of St. Angelo to the illuminated Cupola of St. Peter's; all is pleasure and amusement.

The Opera is the favourite recreation of the well-educated class of the Italians, and particularly the Romans. A beautiful air, well sung, will draw tears from their eyes, whilst, with a languishing voice, they draw out the exclamation, *bello-bello!* and actors, poets, and composers, receive in the theatre the approbation their talents deserve. But this excessive enthusiasm is most remarkable in the fair sex. Among the women of the middling class, the spirit of the ancient Roman females is easily recognized; they pride themselves on the place of their birth, and their *Io Sono Romana* can never be often enough repeated. The clearness of their complexions presents a striking contrast to the yellow colour of the

Neapolitan women, whilst they possess, at the same time, the beautiful features of Raphael's Madonnas. The Roman ladies in the higher ranks of life, will faint away at the smell of perfumes, and yet the custom of wearing paint is very prevalent among them. Cicisbeism seems to be gradually getting into disuse. The Romans delight in *conversazioni*, and in the Coffee-houses the public Journals are read with the utmost eagerness.

It is remarkable that Rome, whether in ancient or modern times, has produced but few great men. With the exception of Tibullus, none of the distinguished Poets of antiquity were natives of Rome: and the decline of Roman literature crowned the Spanish Hesperides, Martial, Lucian, and Quintillian. Modern Rome has not produced a single musician of celebrity.

Julio Romano, and Carlo Maratti are the only distinguished painters who have been natives of modern Rome; and Vanvitelli, and Bernini the only eminent architects. Yet Metastasio was a citizen of modern Rome, as well as Crescimbeni; the latter founded the *Accademia degli Arcadi*, which has existed about 100 years; but he cannot be placed in the highest rank among poets.*

* To this Arcadian Society, foreign members are sometimes admitted. Sophia de La Roche, the friend of Bianconi, possesses a degree there under the name of Artemia Sidonia. The Italian poets are allowed far greater freedom than the German. They disregard all the rules of grammar, and contract words as they find it convenient, for every thing is admissible "in poesia." They are indeed more strict in counting syllables, in proportion as poetry is wanting, and seem to be fonder of rhyme than blank verse. As an Italian writer observes, the language of Italy is a curious mixture of the Latin and Northern tongues. Through Latinizing the barbarous languages, and barbarizing the degenerate Latin, the beautiful language of Italy has been produced. No country has so many different dialects as Italy; for a distinct language is spoken in almost every district, so that a native of Lombardy and a Neapolitan, or a Genoese and a

De Rossi, the present professor of Oriental languages, and Monti, have both written Latin and Italian poems, and may be ranked among the most distinguished literary men of modern Rome. The prelate Stay, writes Latin didactic poems on the systems of Newton and Boscovich. Monsignor Garampi was a learned antiquary, and Cardinal Zelada wrote the abolition decree of the order of the Jesuits. The worthy Cardinal Borgia, formerly Secretary to the College of the Propaganda, has written a history of Benevento in three volumes. Who is not familiar with the name of Visconti, the author of the celebrated work, entitled "*Museum Clementinum*," and various other learned treatises on antiquity? The advocate Fea, the translator of Winkelman, and editor of Statius, may be classed among the most justly celebrated men of modern Rome.

The history of ancient Rome will ever be perused with delight by young persons, who are accustomed to view every thing in clear light unaccompanied by shadow. It produces lasting impressions on the mind, which in old age are recollected as the fading images of fancy.

[*Baron Gerning's Travels.*

Letter from the Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth on quitting his Government of Ireland in disgrace.

To the Queen,

From a mind delighted in sorrow,
from spirits wasted with passion, from
a heart torn in pieces with care, grief,
and travel, from a man that hateth

Venetian, can scarcely understand each other. But each of these dialects are so literary as to admit of being spoken on the stage, which is the case in no other country. Even Homer is translated into the language of the Calabrians; and the common language of Sicily first awoke the genius of the Troubadours and German Minnesingers.

himself and all things else that keep him alive, what service can your Majesty expect; since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands? It is your rebels' pride and succession must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body; which, if it happeneth so, your Majesty shall have no cause to dislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

Happy could he finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips and haws and brambleberry;
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thought to make him merry.
Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle Thrush.

Your Majesty's exiled Servant,
ROBERT ESSEX.

HARP AND SPANISH GUITAR.

THE subjoined remarks are from the London Literary Gazette, and if they have the effect of calling the attention of one of our fair readers to these inimitable, yet here, almost unknown instruments, we shall deem the labour of transcribing amply rewarded.

OF all musical instruments, the Harp is decidedly the finest; it is the grand enchanter—the Prospero among these imprisoned spirits of sweet sound. Its richness, expressiveness, comparative facility of execution, capability of being kept in order by one's self, extreme portability, and, though last, not least in woman's eyes, its grace of form, raise it to unapproachable superiority. Alone, its music is full of beauty;—when "married to sweet verse," irresistible. As to its being a more expensive luxury than the Piano, the idea, though a common is an erroneous one. The original cost is by